

## TURNING ON THE SPOTLIGHT

BY CHARLES DARNTON

IN THIS SEASON of revivals let us suppose the unselfish theatrical producer steps before the curtain and announces:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—Please permit me to say that in producing an old play I am offering you second-hand goods at half-prices. Do not, I beg of you, thank me for this concession, since it is one that, in all fairness, is due you. For years you have been my good and steady customers, supporting me from the time I started on a shoestring until now I ride in my own limousine and have a chauffeur who is devoted to me. In view of all you have done for me, it is only just that I should be honest with you. The play, as I have fearlessly stated, is no longer in its first blush of youth; indeed, it is faded and wrinkled. I am, therefore, compelled to tell you the truth about it. But I desire with all my heart to take you still further into my confidence. The cost of this production is comparatively light. For one thing, the scenery is from my storehouse, where it has been gathering dust since my memorable production of 'East Lynne.' Moreover, I have prevailed upon the author, who, unhappily, is still alive, to take much smaller royalties than he formerly demanded. Then, too—always thinking of you more than of myself, please bear in mind—I have, by means of my rare persuasive ability, induced the reluctant members of my all-star cast to be reasonable about salaries, after pointing out to them the value of the free advertising they would get. So altogether, as you may see for yourselves, I am running little, if any, risk of losing anything. Therefore, I say again, you must not thank me. I thank you."

Here's another thing: Should we be inexpressibly grateful to the movie star who returns to the stage? I should say not!

For one reason, there's an implied condescension about this proceeding that is distinctly irritating. It has the gesture of a gracious blessing bestowed upon a reverential public.

In the case of a widely pictured actress we are likely to be assured it is "herself" who will appear before our enchanted eyes, not merely her reflection. We are expected to be joyous at her return, to welcome her with open palms. It would serve her right if we stared at her coldly the moment she set dainty foot on the stage and then asked her why she had deserted us and her more important work. If she answered at all she would probably reply she had such "tempting offers" she couldn't resist them—in other words, that she had been getting a lot more money than she could make on the stage.

But this means nothing to us. What we care about is her development as an actress, and we may feel, even if she doesn't, that she owes something—indeed, everything—to the stage. We may even demand whether she has no conscience in the matter, whether it has never occurred to her that she has failed in her obligations, whether she believes herself justified in taking up a calling and dropping it at her own sweet will, not to mention the public that has supported her when she was wholly dependent upon it. She might complain at such questions as being unfair and argue her right as an individual to do as she pleases, but she would need be a very fine actress indeed to give the ring of truth to her defense.

If the stage depended entirely upon people who left it for years at a time it would be in a dilapidated state. It needs constant building-up, ceaseless, painstaking work to make it a worthy institution. Neglected by those who owe it allegiance, it would quickly be forsaken by its public.

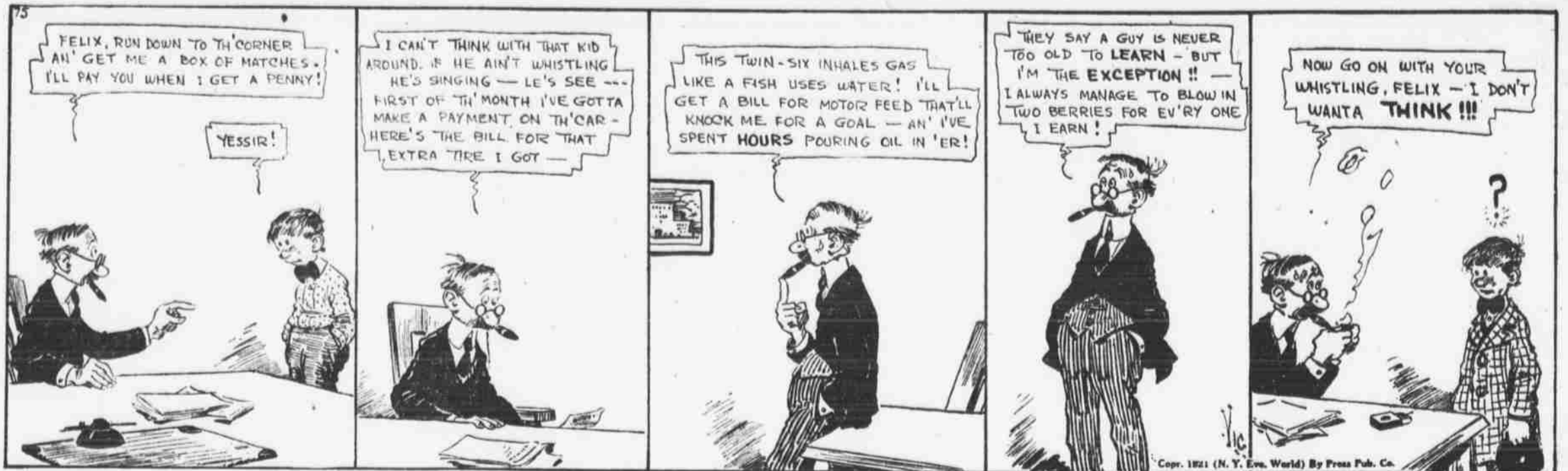
Greatest of all is the duty of the accredited star, man or woman. But take, for example, a woman who has been given every encouragement by a sympathetic public. Let us suppose to be a European actress patient, assured because of her undoubted talent while she was struggling with

a strange tongue, only to "go into pictures" the moment she learned how to speak our language intelligently and intelligently. It's discouraging, to say the least.

There is no reason in the world why an actress or an actor shouldn't take a few months off the stage occasionally to appear in a film play. In fact, I believe every star of note should do so if only for the benefit of people in small towns with no other means of seeing our famous players. At the same time I respect Douglas Fairbanks tremendously for his refusal to capitalize further his great popularity by a return to the stage, especially after seeing his remarkably fine screen performance in "The Three Musketeers."

But there are other stars who should stay where they belong—and that's on the stage.

## JOE'S CAR



## THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



## LITTLE MARY MIXUP



## KATINKA



watched with interest. If it is successful, others will spring up.

Incidentally, if the producers keep on staging old plays the revivals may develop into opposition for the National's stock company. With "Bought and Paid For" and "Alias Jimmy Valentine" going along at top speed the Nationals may find it difficult to locate an old play which will revive as well as these two.

Yes, it looks as though this will be Broadway's biggest stock season.

**IN THE OLDEN DAYS.**  
Ada Lewis of "Good Morning Dearie," has an old theatrical programme which shows that the press agents of years ago were up and doing. The announcement it bears reads as follows:

"On Nov. 26, 1921, there was presented at the Adelphi Theatre for the first time W. T. Moncrieff's 'Tom and Jerry,' or 'Life in London,' described as an entirely new classic, comic, operatic, didactic, aristophanic, local, analytic, panoramic, camera-obscure extravaganza, burlesque of fun, frolic, fashion and flash, replete with prime chants, rum glee and kiddy catches."

**CHERRY FOR THE LEAD.**  
Guthrie McClintic, who is to become a producer with A. Milne's new comedy, "The Dover Road," has engaged Charles Cherry for the leading role. Ann Winslow and David H.

It will be presented by Wagenhals & Kemper in association with Gilbert Miller at the St. James Theatre on Jan. 16. The company will be all-English. After launching the London company Mr. Kemper will go to Paris to stage a French "Bat" under the title of "La Chauve-Souris." This one will be done in association with Baron Rothschild.

**JUST FIVE-ELEVEN IS MY HEIGHT.**  
Oh, I get girls and treat 'em right. They tell me I know how to kiss. I'm Roarin' Bob from Dry Lake, Wis. I like your line, sweet Sally Jean, You sure must be one high grade queen.

I'm dark and lank and full of pep. (The cops all know me by my rep.) You say that you want lots of love—Well, that's the stuff I'm fullest of. If you look like I think you do, Then lead on, kid; it's me for you.

Morse also have been signed for this play.

**GUIDE TO STAGE "HE."**  
The Theatre Guild announces as its third production of the season "He" by Leonid Andreyev, translated by Gregory Zilboorg. "He" has been successful in Russia and Germany.

**TWO "BATS" ABROAD.**  
Colin Kemper has sailed for London to produce "The Bat" over there.

**RHYMED PROPOSALS**  
Sally Jean—she of the bobbed hair—need not worry about the desertion of her beau. We have received several applications for her hand. After examining them all very closely we have decided Roarin' Bob would make the best husband of the lot. Listen to his plea, fair Sally Jean:

**DID SHE KISS HIM?**  
Mildred Soper, one of the most beautiful as well as the strongest girl in "Blossom Time," at the Ambassador Theatre, cannot endure the thought of an unkind man. If you want to see her jump a couple of fences just slip up behind her and say: "Unkind man!" Oh, boy, how mad she will get!

Well, Mildred heard yesterday that one Jack Weinheimer of New York University had never been kissed and didn't care who knew it. On the word of C. P. Greener, who deals in Shubert publicity, Mildred gave one leap, landed in her flivver and set sail for N. Y. U. Arriving there she waited until Jack came out of a building, and then again we quote Mr. Greener: she swooped down on him and asked for a smack on the ruby lips. Well, sir, Jack just gave her one look and says as how he wouldn't do so such a thing. It began to look to the crowd as though Mildred had wasted a lot of gasoline.

But Millie was not to be balked so easily.

Stepping in closer she got a strange hold on Jack and went after that kiss. Jack struggled and yelled for mercy, but Mildred was determined. Finally, the story goes, she managed to plant a kiss on Jack's cheek and then she released him.

"Now," she said, "you can't go around saying you've never been kissed."

"Listen, lady," he replied, "I'm still unkind. That smack of yours exploded in the air."

Millie gave Jack the "merry ha, ha," leaped into her flivver and turned on all the jets.

**A BAS, WALT KINGSLEY!**  
S. Jay Kaufman, who rounds the town daily seeking the festive subject for literary effort, is slightly peeved. It seems that he has a sketch called "Tis and 'Tisn't," which is billed to play the Royal Theatre next week, and in some press stuff sent out by the fair-haired Walter Kingsley credit for its authorship was given S. Jay and Herman Timberg. It was just a mistake, but S. Jay has requested us to set the public right about this sketch. Herman Timberg had naught to do with the writing of it. So, there!

at the Hotel Biltmore to-morrow evening.

Letter here for Dr. Carl Hunt, producer.

"Madras House" won't close until Dec. 30, at the Neighborhood.

Alice Lloyd has arrived from England to appear in Shubert vaudeville. Elephants never forget. Those at the Hippodrome performed a trick yesterday which they had not done in six years.

"Captain Applejack" will be launched by Sam H. Harris on Dec. 26 at the Playhouse, Wilmington, Del. Eleanor Woodruff has been added to the cast of "Green Jade," to be produced by Jules Hurlst and the Messrs. Shubert.

**ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.**

Reader—Otis Skinner opened in "Blood and Sand" at the Empire on Sept. 20, 1921.

Michael—The Crescent Players, No. 2205 Farragut Road, Brooklyn, want members.

F. A. M.—No plan that we know of for Mr. Warfield to revive "The Music Master." David Belasco gets credit for writing "Peter Grimm."

**A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.**  
Emma Goldman is trying to return to the United States. It's a pretty good place to live, after all—eh, Em?

**FOOLISHMENT.**  
"I thank you," said Henry H. Blue, Today at a quarter to 2. He had no real reason To thank me this season, So I don't know just what to do.

**FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.**  
"He wanted the earth." "Who?" "A sea-sick man I once saw."

**COW DIDN'T WANT IT.**  
OTHER had been seeking by every possible means to stimulate her son's somewhat undeveloped sense of gratitude.

"Now, Harold," said she, on one occasion, "don't you think that you ought to be very grateful to the cow for the milk she gives you every morning?" "Well, mother," said Harold, "I don't know that I should. She has no use for it herself."—Harper's Magazine.

## Screenings By DON ALLEN

**LISTEN, SANTA!**  
Rupert Hughes, now directing "Remembrance" film, offered some advice in re Santa Claus recently. "Brother" Trimble, the five-year-old youngster who plays a big part in the film.

"Brother" didn't say a word about what the director had confided to him and stalked about all the rest of the day, just bursting with the secret. That night, however, it came out for when Ma Trimble heard her son praying, she just had to smile when he lisped:

"Dear God, Mr. Hughes says I don't drink, smoke or swear, and I'm good actor, so Santa ought to give me what I want. Will you help?"

**GIDDAP!**  
Although Charlie Chaplin is well into the shooting of his latest for First National, he steadfastly refuses to divulge its name, race or former condition or servitude. Hearing that the name of his new comedy might be "The Three Profiteers," a friend asked Charlie, right casual-like, if this rumor was true.

"Profiteers?" cross-questioned the comedian. "No, my next release will be a comedy; there's nothing funny about a 'vulture'."

**DOUGH-NUTS.**  
They searched around in every nook and cranny of the Mack Sennett studio in an effort to locate a title for M. S.'s latest release for the Turpin, the lad who cries down the back of his neck. Finally they decided on "Love and Doughnuts."

The "Dough" part of the title is attributed to Mack and the "Nut" part to Turpin.

**MAKES IT UNANIMOUS.**  
Wheeler Oakman, playing Sigmund McGee in Oliver Morosco's film, is that little, believes thoroughly in the proposed naval holiday proposal, doesn't think the navy needs as much of a vacation as several different things connected with the movie. He is in favor of a perpetual vacation for the censor advocate who never attends picture; gum that will not stay put on a theatre seat; the usher who thinks one is an owl and the producer who has a one-reel brain.

Good! That makes it unanimous.

**FADEOUTS.**  
Jackie Coogan is little, but, what a lot of hearts he can wait! You see him in "My Boy."

What with "Skin Deep," "Pink Home," "Wooden Spoils," "Jim," "Hotshot" and "The Desert Field" Thomas H. Ince and his players are downright active.

Capt. Mario Carillo, late of the Italian Army, has been and done now he's a screen actor, and a good one, too, with William Farnum.

Harry Plimpton, Fox cameraman who went to Rome last May to photograph "Nero," is back. Says he's hard work to locate the addler, finally caught him.

Pearl White will ferry across Paris, eat her Christmas dinner a ferry right back again. These week end trips are so tiring, too.

John Galsworthy of "School Days" is no relation to the English novelist. Phew! That takes an awful load off our mind.

Richard Walton Tully left yesterday for Los Angeles, where he'll start work at once filming "The M. querader."

Bebe Daniels is a shooting star. She's out trailing the Umpires on. She shot one yesterday, but the bit didn't "take" and the bird crew away.

Constance Binney is a Deputy Sheriff of Kern County, California. She wears a badge "everything, but gets no salary."

## About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

"I WAS just wondering," said a man to us last night, "how many stock companies we'll have on Broadway this season."

"About five," we replied. And that may not be such a bad guess. New productions of late have not been hitting the bull's-eye regularly enough to give promise to the theatre managers of keeping their houses open. Oh, there are some managers who don't have to worry, but there are others who are wondering what they'll do for attractions soon. The desperate plan, if it isn't overdone, will solve the problem for some of them. The National is to have a company of this sort, and it will be

## Have You Heard This One?

By SID GREENE



TIM and Abie were standing in Park Row gazing at the Woolworth Building. A flying machine soared overhead. "Oy, oy!" said Abie. "I'd hate to be up there in it!" "Well," replied Tim, rubbing at the airplane, "I'd hate to be up there an' not be in it!"